

HERE COMES THE BOAT

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

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CHAPTER I. THE BOARDERS.

Regarding the events of that rainy autumn evening at Mrs. Moore's boarding house in the far West Twenties of New York, accounts differ somewhat—although not enough, after all, but that they may be pieced together as a connected story. Until the great event, they were trivial. It was the reflected light of the tragedy which gave them their importance.

Most of the boarders remained indoors, since it was too wet in the early evening for faring out of door with comfort. After dinner, Miss Harding and Miss Jones, stenographers, who shared a room and alcove on the second floor, entertained "company" in the parlor on the ground floor—two young office mates who figure but dimly in this tale. These came at eight o'clock. A few minutes later Prof. Noll joined them. Prof. Noll was a diet delusionist, the assistant editor of a health food magazine. He lived on the third floor, across the hall from Capt. Hanks, in a room furnished (as the captain himself remarked during one of his genial moments) with all the horrors of home. For Prof. Noll had traveled widely, gathered experiences and junk; and in every part of the world he had bought freely of gilt-and-trash curios. He was as proud of that bizarre apartment as though it had been the Louvre. A charming old man was Prof. Noll when he dismounted from his hobby—and occasionally when he rode it, too. A thick tangle of silver-silk hair and a pair of China-blue eyes accorded a personality all innocence, gaiety, and old age prattle.

Miss Harding and Miss Jones had not arrived at that point with their young men where they wanted to visit alone. When Prof. Noll entered and suggested music, they welcomed him. He sat down to the piano, therefore, and they all sang the foolish ephemeral songs of the picture shows. Mrs. Moore stood in the hall and listened. Miss Jones spied her and invited her in. She was a landlady of the lugubrious type; she wept silently over the sentimental passage with rhymes on "posies," "roses," and "propose"; and eventually she joined her voice with the singing. Once or twice she left momentarily to look after towels, furnace heat and other housewifely cares. One of these took her to the top of the house, where Miss Estrilla, the lady sick with weak eyes, lived in a half-darkened room. She was a newcomer to this Mrs. Moore's boarding house, well enough to take her meals in the dining room. Miss Estrilla's brother, a slim, mercurial little Latin with an entertaining trick of the tongue, was reading to her by a shaded lamp, as he often did of evenings. When Mrs. Moore rejoined the others, they were singing full voice.

On the stairs Mrs. Moore met Capt. Hanks passing up from his late and solitary dinner. He was a little irregular about meals; and this evening he had come in, demanding dinner, after everything was cleared away. Half the boarding house liked Capt. Hanks, and half disliked him. Rather (and more accurately) all half-liked and half-hated him. A large man, of 45 or so, he looked at first sight rather bloated, and at second only gross and big through the accumulation of middle aged muscle and the thicker flow of middle aged blood. He was bull-necked, broad-shouldered, wide of waist and heavy of leg. Everything about him denoted old strength gone stale. In fact he showed the traces of what must have been great youthful comeliness. Even his hair, which was black and had been both keen and kind when his mood was gentle. Those moods of his puzzled everyone. No man could be more irritable at times; yet, none, as all the feminine part of the house testified, could be more charming, more understanding of women. There was a curious quality beneath all that, a quality which none of Mrs. Moore's boarders had the discernment to formulate. It was as though some inner driving energy sought an outlet, and found no way through that accumulation of flesh and blood and muscle.

Before he started up the stairs, he paused an instant at the parlor door and looked upon the singers. "Come on in the water's fine!" called Miss Harding jocularly. Capt. Hanks returned no answer. Apparently one of his sardonic gibes was on his lips, but he let it die there. And he turned away.

He can certainly be a grouch when he wants to," said Miss Harding, as though apologizing to the young men. "Fierce!" exclaimed Miss Jones. And they resumed their singing. As Capt. Hanks passed Mrs. Moore on the lower flight of stairs, his head was bent and he gave no sign of recognition. Mrs. Moore did not leave the parlor, she testified afterward, until Mr. Lawrence Wade called, asking for Capt. Hanks. As on previous occasions, he gave her his card, which she read. "Mr. Lawrence Wade, Curfew Club." He had called before; whether two or three times, Mrs. Moore's memory would never serve to tell. But she recognized him perfectly. He would have known him anywhere, she said.

"Ge, who's your swell friend—he certainly could lead me up blushing to the altar," had been Miss Harding's tribute the first time she saw him. For he was very comely—a comeliness that was a perfect blend of ease and character. And that night she remembered afterward that he paused for an instant before he answered; also she heard a rustling as though some one were moving about. "I've gone to bed," he said after the pause. "Where is he? Downstairs?" "Sir." "Then show him up," said the captain, "but say I've gone to bed." Moore turned back to summon as she did so, Mr. Estrilla, who was in the parlor that evening. "Did your sister—" "voice of Capt. Hanks behind the door." "Ask Mr. Wade if he's getting up. I've a

KIND OLD DOG MOTHERS THREE FRIENDS; HER PUPPY, A KITTEN AND A BABY FOX



Did you ever see a happy family like this before? There is a kitten, just as black as can be, you see; a little soft ball of a puppy, and a baby fox! They are all being mothered by this big, kind, short-haired dog! Usually, you know, a kitten just hates a dog; shows her claws and puts up her back, very jealous of the natural enemy that comes near her. And a fox, you will remember, is the natural prey of the hounds. But this is an unusually happy family! The puppy, the kitty and the fox all play together in the merriest fashion as if the big, kind dog were really the mother of them all. The sleep, cuddled up together at night, on the soft, clean straw. And they are very, very jealous of anyone who comes to pet one of them without paying the same attention to all three. You ought to see them!

Two flights had sent his liquor surging to his head, so that he dizzied and staggered. He caught the banister for support. Then something, real or fancied, caught his eye—something which held his drunken attention. He stopped and clutched at it. The effort overbalanced him and sent him sprawling on his hands into some wet, sticky substance.

"Fearful careless housekeeping," he said as he regained his feet, "for me to extreme measure wiping hands on shirt. No other place to wipe hands. Renewed necessity arises!"—he stopped and repeated the phrase with inordinate delight—"renewed necessity for me to extreme measure wiping hands on shirt. No other place to wipe hands. Renewed necessity arises!" He took the last three yards in a series of staggering bounds which landed him with a thump against his door. He caught the knob as he fell, and the barrier opened, letting him tumble on his own motion to the floor. He kicked the door shut as he lay prostrate, and then managed to pull himself upright and reach the electric light button for Mrs. Moore's burned gas in the hall for economy, but electric lights in the rooms. The two tumbles had thrown him into another state of consciousness; his head began to clear and his motions to steady. So he turned, his predicament still in his mind, to the washstand in the corner.

Above it hung a mirror. In passing, Tommy's gaze swept the glass, and he saw the reflection of his face to a sickly white, what steadied his unsteady figure until it stood straight and stiff, what cleared his head so violently that he could think with all the swiftness of terror. On his dress shirt front was the imprint of a huge red hand. "Whose?" Tommy asked himself one instant. The next, his gaze bounded from the mirror to his own hands. Blood mired his fingers. On his coat was blood, on his sleeve was blood, on his knees was blood, on his very shoes. He looked at the mirror again. Across his chin zigzagged a dark red line—blood also. Just as he thought was that he had cut himself, and was bleeding to death. He looked again at his hands, but saw no wound. Then, drunken memories lingering a little in his sober mind, he remembered the fall and the process of wiping his hands. He ran back to the hallway, turned up the pin-point of light on the gas jet. There it was, a thin stream of blood, spatter a little where he had fallen in it. And it was widest where it began its flow—at the threshold of Capt. Hanks's door. In a weak access of real terror, he fell to pounding on the wall and shouting: "Murder! Murder!"

"Murder! Murder!" (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.) Mothers—Have you tried Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea? It's a great blessing to the little ones who have summer troubles. Makes them sleep and grow. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Cooney Drug Store. Adv.

The Home Beauty Parlor

By Betty Dean

Carrie T.: Instead of clogging up the pores of my skin with face powder, I use this recipe in which I find a very desirable and profitable method of beautifying the skin. Get 4 ounces extract from the drugstore and dissolve in 1/2 pint hot water. Add 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine. Apply freely to your face, neck and arms. It will not rub off, and gives an attractive, velvety fairness without that "made-up" look. This is inexpensive, too.

Miss J. L.: You are having your troubles, certainly, if you are "very fleshy" and yet want to wear the latest styles. Have you ever heard of this sure and simple means of reduction? Dissolve 4 ounces of paraffin in 1/2 pint warm water and take a tablespoonful before meals. It is harmless and yet very effective and does the work so nature has so long been doing for you. It has the added advantage of requiring no strictness in diet or exercise.

Imagine: That dry, unhealthy state of your hair is probably due to improper washing. Maybe you use soap? Avoid it and try only this simple, safe shampoo. Get some camellia from your drugstore and stir one teaspoonful in hot water. This is plenty for one washing. It leaves the hair soft as silk and extremely fluffy. It dries quickly and removes not only dirt but greasiness. Perhaps you need a little tonic to brace the whole system. For this see answer to Helen S.

Vivian G.: You will find it a simple matter to clear the eyes of redness and soothe the youthful sparkle and color if you will use this eye-tonic which can be easily prepared at home. Just get an ounce of crystals of any drug store and dissolve it in a pint of water. Put 2 drops in each eye daily. It acts like magic to give back the beauty and it feels mighty good, too. If this does not give relief see an oculist.

Priscilla: I cannot suggest any internal



School Dress Goods

for the kindergarten tots—and up

MOTHERS—school will soon open again, so it's about time to get the children fitted out in dresses or little suits. And you'll want good, substantial and wearing material, yet dainty like and pretty—we have just that. Kindergarten Cloth is the goods but if you want a little heavier fabric there's Wonderland and Galatea. Any one of the three is the thing—Note these:

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Very Embarrassing. Could Not Sleep. Used Resinol—Well in a Week.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 3, 1913:—"I had a ringworm on the side of my face. It began like a cold blister—a small red mark. Each day it became larger until it was a round ring about the size of a quarter. It burned and itched me terribly, and was very sore. It was also swollen and caused me a great deal of discomfort as I could not sleep at night. It was very embarrassing and I didn't want any of my friends to see me. I used several remedies such as— and some sort of a powder, but they did no good. I used Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment for one week and cured it." (Signed) Eleanor D. Shekels, 308 North Sheridan Ave.

Resinol Soap and Ointment are specially effective for eczema and other itching, burning eruptions, pimples, dandruff, burns, old sores and piles. Prescribed by doctors for eighteen years. Sold by all druggists. For free samples write to Dept. 6-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

BERRIE SPRINGS.

Mrs. T. H. Lohr, and daughters, the Misses Grace and Olive, of St. Louis, Mo., came Friday for a visit at their home.

Zack Hendleman of Boise City, Idaho is here for a visit with home people. This is Mr. Hendleman's first visit here in six years.

Mrs. H. Simpson and her daughter, Mrs. Robert A. Davis and baby visited the former's sister, Mrs. Joe Hand, in Niles Thursday.

Miss Pearl Stanley of Jackson, Michigan, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Stanley.

Mrs. Virginia Dix has returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Humphrey, in Detroit.

Mrs. Wilda J. Tuttle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Sattler, at Arden.

A number from this place attended the annual examination for county teachers which was held in St. Joseph Thursday.

The Sixth annual reunion and picnic of the class of the 70's and 80's of Berrien Center school will be held at the old school house Saturday, August 29.

Mrs. Kittle McOmber of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. May Page. The number of school children in this district No. 4, has so increased that it will be necessary to build an addition to Burke school. Two teachers will be necessary for next year.

The annual baby show and decorated baby carriage parade will be held at SPRINGBROOK PARK on WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20th. The prizes this year are of unusual value and are things that all mothers want, and good enough to last until baby is grown up, and then presented to them for their use. The best silverware that money can buy. On display at Clauer's jewelry store.

The Baby Show will be held this year in the large dancing pavilion, the judging will commence promptly at 1:30 p. m. and continue until the judges are through. The decorated baby carriage, decorated doll carriage and girls carrying dolls in parade will be promptly at 2 o'clock, so if you wish to enter better start to the park before dinner with your lunch basket filled.

If you wish to enter your baby in the baby show or if you wish to enter the decorated baby carriage parade, or if you are a little girl and wish to carry your doll or decorate your doll carriage, just drop a plain postal card to Mr. Dalley, Springbrook park. There will be no blanks to fill out this year. The flat cars will traverse the principal street car lines of the city to pick up the baby carriages free of charge on the day of the parade. The definite route will be printed later.—Advertisement.

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